



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

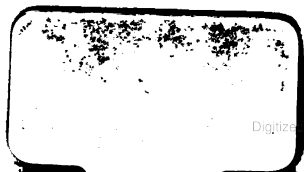
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Rebound Feb. 1927

Theobald (L.) Harkequin sorcerer. 1752

8° : A-C⁴ : 12 leaves.

Mal. B. 165(10)





THE
SORCERER.



[Price Six-pence.]

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 31
PART 1
1901

EDITED BY
ALFRED C. HENRIKSEN

LONDON
PUBLISHED BY THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Harlequin Sorcerer :

With the Loves of
PLUTO and PROSERPINE.

As performed at the
T H E A T R E - R O Y A L
I N
C O V E N T - G A R D E N .



L O N D O N :

Printed by H. WOODFALL, in *Paternoster-Row*; and
Sold at the *Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.*

M.DCC.LII.

THE DIAL, WASHINGTON

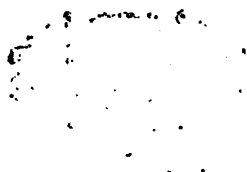
To serve the public

and the cause of the oppressed

and the poor

WATSON, 1871

WATSON, 1871





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WITCHES *by* Mr. Legge,
Mrs. Lampe,
Mrs. Arne,
Miss Young,

And Others.

<i>Pluto,</i>	<i>Mr. Howard.</i>
<i>Ascalax, Chief Minister,</i>	<i>} Mr. Baker.</i>
<i>and Attendant on Pluto,</i>	
<i>Proserpine,</i>	<i>Mrs. Storer.</i>

Several Shades, Infernals, and others.



THE SORCERER.

SCENE I.

*After the Overture, the Curtain rises,
and discovers dark rocky Caverns,
illumin'd by the Moon ; Flashes of
Lightning faintly striking.*

While the SYMPHONY is playing, divers
Witches enter severally.

First VOICE.



WHY Sisters, why—Why thus d'yc
stay ?

Our Works admit of no Delay.
The Noon of Night is hurrying on,

When

WITCHES *and* HARLEQUIN *enter.*

3d Vo. Welcome.

4th Vo. Welcome.

2d Vo. Welcome.

1st. Vo. Welcome.

A I R

Welcome to our Place of Sporting :
Health and Treasure
Ev'ry Pleasure
Now command.

Here each Night, at our Resorting,
We redouble
Ev'ry Trouble,
Through the Land.

Welcome, &c.

B

1st. Vo.

1st Vo. Let us embrace———
 ———Thou shalt be wise,
 And overcome thy Enemies.

A I R.

*Let the Thunder crack and roll;
 No Pow'r thy Charms shall e'er controul.
 Nature shall yield to your great Skill:
 Your Art, with Ease,
 Shall, when you please,
 Transform all Things to what you will.*

Let the, &c.

3d Vo. Now let our Art a Dance prepare,
 To Notes that may regale the Ear,
 Whilst merry Sprights obey the Sound,
 And, in brisk Measure, beat the Ground.

A Dance of WITCHES.

1st. Vo.

1st Vo. The hated Morn comes on apace ;
 'Tis Time we should depart this Place,
 Till the great Planet of the Sun
 His vig'rous Course of Light has run,
 Which still creates more Mischiefs to be done,
 Now throw off all Remorse and Fear,
 Revenge shall be to thee most dear ;
 On sweet Revenge still fix thy Mind,
 With us 'tis Joy to plague Mankind.

C H O R U S *of All.*

With us 'tis Joy to plague Mankind.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE *changes, and the Actions of*
 HARLEQUIN *go on.*

The Harvest Home.

Sung by Mr. LOWE.

I.

*Come Roger and Nel, come Simkin and Bell,
Each Lad with his Lass hither come;
With Singing and Dancing, in Pleasure
advancing,
To celebrate Harvest Home.*

C H O R U S.

*'Tis Ceres bids Play,
And keep Holiday,
To celebrate Harvest Home.*

II.

*Our Labour is o'er, our Barns in full Store,
Now swell with rich Gifts of the Land;
Let each Man then take, for the Prong
and the Rake,
His Can and his Lass in his Hand.*

C H O R U S.

For Ceres bids, &c.

III.

III.

*No Courtiers can be, so happy as we,
 In innocent Pastime and Mirth;
 While thus we carouse, with our Sweet-
 heart or Spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the Fruits of the Earth,*

C H O R U S.

When Ceres, &c.



SCENE



S C E N E II.

A Barren Desert.

Enter first WITCH.

1st Witch. Here in this barren Wild and
desart Place,
Where none resort of human Race,
Where Rocks o'er Rocks their Fronts ex-
tend,
And the bare Trees with Tempests bend,
Assemble.

A I R.

*Powerful Daughters of the Night,
Hither bend your airy Flight.*

Enter

Enter several WITCHES.

S O N G.

*2d Witch. Hither we weird Sisters come.
Some on Switch, and some on Broom,
From where the Elf and bloating Toad,
In dreary Damps make their Abode;
From culling Hemlock, Henbane, Rue,
And other Plants of pois'nous Dew.*

*Hither we weird Sisters come,
Some on Switch, and some on Broom,
We weird Sisters hither come.*

*1st Witch. What have ye done since
Yesternight?
What Deeds perform'd for our Delight?*

*3d Witch. On the new Justice and the
'Squire,
We've had our Will, our full Desire;
We've fool'd them to the highest Pitch,
And fous'd 'em both into a Ditch.*

Ho, ho, ho.

Atb

4th Witch. The Farmer's Hog too we
 have drown'd,
 And laid his Barns flat to the Ground,
Ho, ho.

3d Witch. The May'r o'th' Town I lugg'd
 by the Ears,
 And threw him headlong down the Stairs ;
 The Beadle in any Way I found,
 And whipp'd him nine Times round the
 Pound.

A I R.

*Revenge is compleat,
 Thus Mortals to treat,
 That our power'ful Charms they may know,
 While great is our Pleasure,
 And sweet beyond Measure,
 To triumph in Mischief and Woe.*

1st Witch. Now let us for our Flight
 prepare,
 And mounted on the foggy Air,
 To our nightly Cave repair.

2d

1d Witch and CHORUS.

*There in our dark Cell,
With Poison and Spell,
We'll do all we can,
To terrify Man ;
We triumph in Joy,
While their Bliss we destroy.*



C SCENE



S C E N E III.

*A Chamber ; Harlequin repofing
himfelf on a Couch ; Thunder and
Lightning ; feveral Demons arife ;
feize and bear away Harlequin in
Triumph, in the following Chorus.*

C H O R U S.

*With our Prey let's take our Flight ;
Then Hell will be in full Delight.*

*[As they difappear, a Colnade,
leading to the Elyfian Fields, is
difcover'd, where feveral Shades
and Infernal Spirits are ranged
on each Side, waiting the Ap-
proach of Pluto.*

S C E N E



S C E N E IV.

*A Machine descends with PLUTO
and PROSERPINE, and fixes on
the Stage.*

PLUTO.

Lov'd Partner of my gloomy Reign,
These boundless Realms of Pow'r survey,
No more in vain sigh, to regain
The tasteless Sweets of Earth and Day.
Put on thy Smiles of Joy again,
Such Smiles as once bless'd *Enna's* Plain;
Then *Jove* and *Neptune* shall repine,
Whilst thou the fairest Lot, art mine.

C 2

PRO-

PROSERPINE,

So well you know to soothe my Fears,
To soften and assuage my Cares,
That, smiling, I despise, from hence,
The Thoughts that once o'er-came my Sense,
When first you snatch'd me to your Arms,

*Virgin Sports no more delighting ;
Sylvan Joys no more inviting,
I the Call of Love pursue,*

*Earthly Beauties greatly charming,
Ev'ry tender Bosom warming,
Fields, and Springs, and Groves, adieu,*

Virgin Sports, &c.

Enter

Enter ASCALAX.

Joy, Sovereign Liege, the News I bring,
Will make your Realms with Triumph ring;
The late Impostor, who with Zeal
Has reign'd the Minister of Hell;
By thy permissive Pow'r renown'd,
For Magick Skill and Arts profound,
At length has reach'd th' Infernal Ground.

PLUTO.

Most welcome are thy Tidings—Hence
To Hell's far Bounds the Sound dispense.
Let not a Fiend presume to wear
The Face of Sorrow or Despair;
Let each in earthly Form and Dress,
With sprightly Dance their Joys confess;
And all, in merriest Mood, unite,
To give their mighty Queen Delight.
This is my Will—proclaim it round,
And in loud Triumphs spread the Sound.

[Exit Ascalax,

Fly

*Fly Despair, be Sorrow vanish'd,
Hence be every Torment banish'd,*

Since possessing

Such a Blessing,

Such a Treasure,

Such a Pleasure,

Let my Regions ring with Joy.

Now the Fates with Love have crown'd us,

Let our sooty Slaves around us,

All their Hours in Mirth employ.

Fly, &c.

*[The Machine, in which Pluto and
Proserpine descended, rises and
discovers a Prospect of the Elysian
Fields; where several Dæmons
in Earthly Forms and antick
Dress, come to pay Homage to
Pluto and Proserpine in Dancing.]*

GRAND

GRAND CHORUS.

*In new Delights for ever join
Great Pluto, and lov'd Proserpine ;
Thus let applauding Triumph rise,
Till Jove with Envy quits his Skies.*

F I N I S.



